

THE
Northern Garland;
OR, THE
Bonny Lass of Banaphie.

To which are added

The Broom of Cowden Knows.

The good Ship ROVER.



Entered according to Order, 1795



THE BONNY LASS OF BANAPHIE.

Tune—The gallant Grahams.

ONCE I loved a Lady fair,
She was a beauty I declare,
The only flower of the North Country,
The bonny lass of Banaphie.

She being heiress of houses and land,
And I alone a poor farmer's son,
It was her birth and high degree,
That parted my true love and me.

I lov'd this lady in my heart,
Against our wills it was to part,
For she ador'd me as her life,
In private we were man and wife.

Great Knights and Squires a courting came
Unto this fair and lovely dame,
But all their offers prov'd in vain,
For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,
How that I loved his daughter so,
He Judas-like betrayed me,
For keeping of her company.

It was at Aulrain that I was ta'en,
A prisoner for Lady Jean;
In fetters strong then I was bound,
And carried into Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,
 Nor yet the way that I have to go,
 But love has pierc'd my tender heart,
 And alas! it's brought me very low.

I was embarked at the shore,
 Never to see my native more;
 In Germany a foldier to be,
 All for the Lafs of Banaphie.

But when I was upon the seas,
 I ne'er could take one moment's ease,
 For she was daily in my mind,
 The bonny lafs I left behind.

But when I arriv'd in foreign land,
 From my true love a letter came,
 With her respect in each degree,
 Sign'd by the lafs of Banaphie.

The answer which to her I sent,
 It never to my true love went,
 It was her cruel Father then,
 Told her that I abroad was slain.

Which griev'd this maiden's heart full sore,
 To think that we should ne'er meet more,
 This caus'd her weep most bitterly,
 Those tidings from high Germany.

O daughter dear thy tears refrain,
 To weep for him it is in vain,
 I have a better match for thee,
 To enjoy the lands of Banaphie.

He was the husband of my youth,
 In pledge he had my faith and truth,
 I made a vow I'll wed with none,
 Since my true love is dead and gone.

On ev'ry finger she put a ring,
 On her mid-finger she put three;
 And she's away to high Germany,
 In hopes her true love for to see.

O she's put on her robes of green,
 Which was most lovely to be seen,
 O had he been a crowned king,
 This fair lady might been his queen.

But when she came to high Germany,
 By fortune there her love did see,
 Upon yon lofty rampart wall,
 As he was standing sentry.

O were my love in this country,
 O I could swear that you was the;
 For there's not a face in high Germany,
 So like the lass of Banaphie.

The first she met was colonel then,
 And he address'd her most courteously,
 From whence she came and where she was born
 Her name, and from what country?

From fair Scotland, she said, I came,
 In hopes my true love for to see,
 But now I hear he's a Grenadier,
 Into your Lordship's company.

65
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What's thy love's name thou comely dame,
O Lady fair come tell me then,
For it's a pity thy love should be
In the station of a single man.

O William Graham is my love's name,
All these hardships suffers for me,
But if it costs me thousands ten,
A single man no more he's be.

O fair Lady come along with me,
And thy true love thou soon shalt see,
And for thy sake a vow I make,
A single man no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,
His own true love once more to see,
But when he saw her well far'd face,
O the salt tears did blind his eye.

You're welcome here my dearest dear,
You're thrice welcome here unto me,
For there's not a face so full of grace,
Not in the land of Germany.

With kisses sweet those lovers did meet,
Most joyfully as I am told,
She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,
To crimson scarlet trim'd with gold.

But when her cruel father found,
His daughter she abroad was gone,
He sent a letter on express,
'Twas to call these two lovers home.

To him he gave a free discharge;
All for the sake of Lady Jean;
But now we hear he's a wealthy 'squire,
Into the shire of Aberdeen.

O now behold how fortune turns
Her father's rage to unity,
And now he lives in sweet content,
With the bonny Lass of Banaphie.



THE BROOM OF COWDEN KNOWS.

O The broom the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowden knows,
I wish I were with my dear swain,
milking my daddy's ewes.

How blythe ilk morn was I to see,
my swain come o'er the hill,
He leap'd the burn and flew to me,
I met him with good will.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
the birds stood list'ning by,
E'en the dull cattle stood amaz'd,
charm'd with his melody.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
while his flock near me lay,
He gather'd in my sheep at e'en,
and cheer'd me all the day.

He did oblige me every hour,
could I but thankful be!

He stole my heart, who could refuse,
whate'er he ask'd of me.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
though ne'er so rich and gay.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
gang heavily and mourn,
Because I love the kindest swain
that ever yet was born.

Adieu! ye Cowden knows, adieu!
farewel all pleasures there.
Ye gods, restore to me my swain,
is all I crave or care.



THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.

WHEN I was a young man,
I bore a valiant mind,
For to cross the raging sea
It was my whole design;
I met a jovial ship-mate
who engaged me to the main,
Then we got our stores on board,
we put to sea again.

It was in the good ship Rover,
we sail'd the world around,
For seven years and over,
I ne'er saw British ground.

While in old England landed
 safe from the raging main,
 I found all relations stranded,
 so put to sea again.

Then next we were bound to Portugal,
 and right before the wind,
 But when arrived at Portugal,
 a gale blew off the land,
 For three days it left us
 a log upon the main,
 Yet safe from Davi Lokert,
 we put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 it was a squally night,
 Our guns did roar like thunder,
 with the horrors of the fight.
 My precious limb was chopped off,
 which did augment my pain,
 But yet I was not popped off,
 but put to sea again.

But now I am obliged
 to bring up in life's rear,
 You see I am quite disabled,
 and lies in Greenwich stear,
 I bless his Royal Majesty
 who took me from the main,
 I wish him life and loyalty,
 but ne'er to sea again.

